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•LIFE•



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LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

Dick Heavystepper (*sweetly*): I SHALL REMEMBER THIS DANCE FOR MANY A LONG DAY.
"SO SHALL I."

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."
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THE best vindicated man our war has yielded so far is Dr. George W. Lindheim, surgeon of the Red Cross, and of the Eighth New York Volunteers. He was put in charge of two hundred and sixty invalided men, to bring them by railroad from Chickamauga to New York. About twenty of them, had typhoid fever, and some of them were very sick. As the train came north, it was visited at Cleveland, Buffalo, and elsewhere, by citizens who were indignant at reports of ill-treatment of soldiers, and wanted to help them. At Cleveland, some local physicians of standing examined the sickest men, decided that they were too ill to be carried further, and insisted that they should be sent to hospitals in Cleveland. Dr. Lindheim said his orders were to bring the men through to New York, and that he proposed to do so. He did so, but savage stories of his "brutal behavior" were published in many newspapers. The result is that all the sick men lived to reach New York, and all are now recovering; but the surgeon himself, worn out by hard work, care, and public abuse, died on September 16th of typhoid fever. We are told that he took greatly to heart the censure that was showered upon him, and protested in his delirium that he had done right and had been unjustly treated. His fate is most pathetic, the more so as he was a young man, only twenty-seven years old, who was placed in a situation of great responsibility,

and did his best. Dr. Lindheim seems to have been a martyr. His case may have an effect in inducing the more clamorous critics of everything pertaining to the care of our soldiers to use more pains about making sure that they are right before they go ahead.



THE difficulty the President seems to be having in finding just the man he wants for Ambassador to Great Britain illustrates once more the soundness of the late Mr. Webster's observation about there always being room at the top. There is certainly a scarcity of men of precisely the right qualifications to represent us at the Court of St. James. We should send to London Ambassadors whom we are sure will do us credit. Candidates for the job ought to be men of independent fortune, for to keep his end up properly costs our Ambassador at least ten thousand dollars a year more than his pay. A mere rich man, such as we can offer by the thousand, won't do either, for the place is important, and calls for a man of recognized personal distinction and of experience in public life, or as a diplomat. The problem is to find a man of force, experience and reputation, who is used to good society and its usages, is accustomed to live on a scale of some elegance, and is, in education, ability and manners, the peer, at least, of the best men in England. There are a good many such men in this country, but circumstances not entirely within their control have tended of late to keep them out of public life. One does not think of an editor or an author who seems quite suited to this appointment. Among the clergy, even Bishop Potter seems hardly available; and of the college presidents, Dr. Eliot, who would do us credit in so many particulars in London, is of the wrong politics, and is too unused to the work to answer in the present emergency. Governor Morton is honorably out of public life.

Could we spare Mr. Choate? Yes. If the Major would send Mr. Choate we would give our consent, and a great place would be admirably filled. All the same, someone else will probably have been appointed before the time this issue of LIFE reaches its readers.



WE are told that Colonel Bryan is uneasy, and feels very anxious to get home and take charge of his business, in which the busy season is now on. It is no secret that he would like to have his regiment mustered out, to save him the embarrassment of resigning, but the policy of the government seems to be to keep in service the regiments which were last recruited. So it looks as if the Colonel would either have to resign or stick. Report says he works hard, and is doing his best for his men (however good that may be) but his regiment seems to be booked for garrison duty in Cuba, which is hardly a prospect which he can contemplate with glee. If he is embarrassed, it is because he is really in a false position, for which he has only himself to blame. He has the solace of knowing that, if he determines to resign, it will be easy to find a more experienced and better officer to take his place. Mere patriotism, therefore, need not keep him in the service after he finds it expedient to get out.

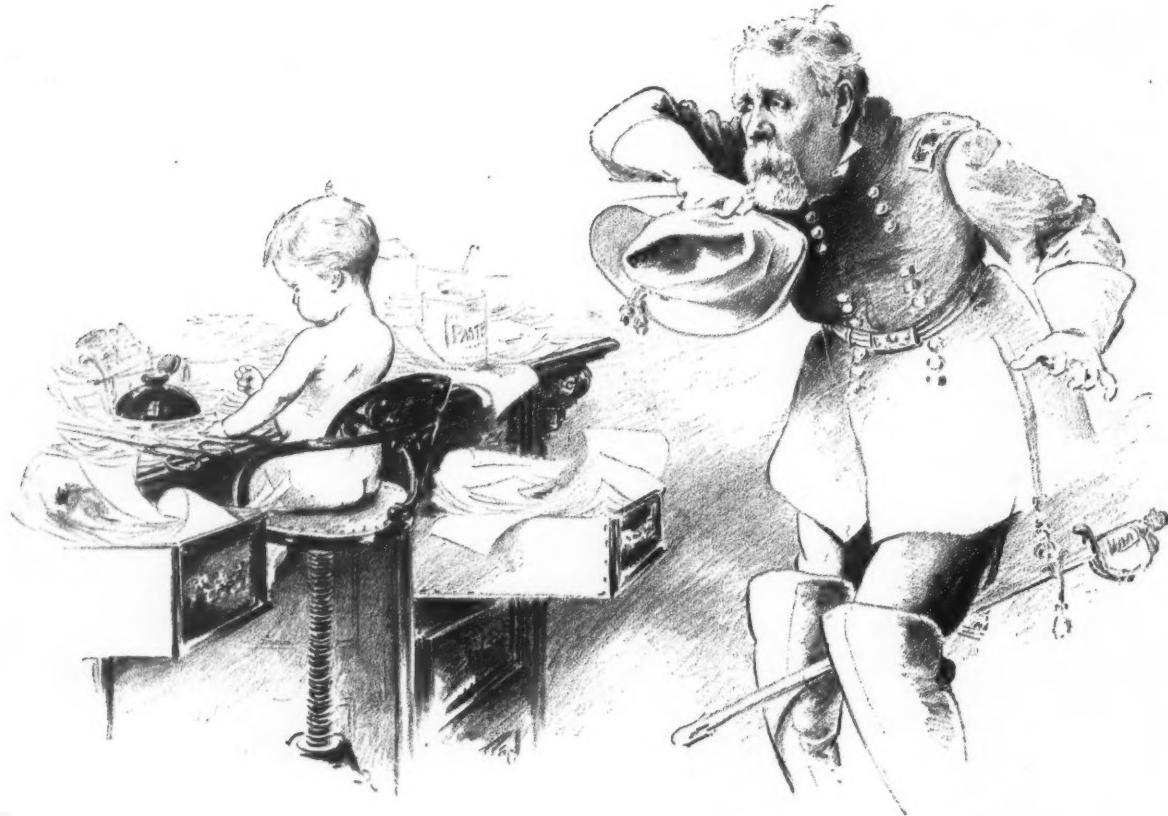


THERE is grumbling all around over the effort of the W. C. T. U. to make trouble about the christening of the battleship *Illinois*. There was a noisome mess of dispute over the launching of the *Kentucky*, and no one wants another like it. The sentiment is pretty general that when the W. C. T. U. undertakes to regulate launches it goes outside of its province, and invites a setting down which it would be much wiser to avoid.



THE Municipal Assembly of New York has formally thanked Miss Helen Gould for what she has done for the country and its soldiers during the war with Spain. There is no doubt that Miss Gould's heart is true to Uncle Sam. She has done well, and whatever species of legislative creature the Municipal Assembly is, its action in honoring her was timely, and in accordance with popular sentiment.



**Sanctum Talks.**

"GOOD morning, LIFE."

"Good morning, Alger."

"Do you notice that I wear my uniform?"

"Yes, I notice it."

"I don it occasionally; otherwise people forget that I am a soldier."

"You are more effective as a Secretary."

"You think so?"

"Decidedly. You could never as a General have slaughtered so many American soldiers in so short a time."

"One must expect some loss of life in war."

"Loss of life—yes! But not the wholesale murder of your own troops! The present grievance with you, Alger, is that you cannot take a hint."

"What do you mean?"

"If you throw a brick at a cat and say 'Scat,' pussy is likely to go away."

"Yes, I know that."

"And if a lady points to the street while slamming the front door in a gen-

tlemen's face it is liable to influence his action."

"Yes; but what is the application?"

"The application is that delicate hints of that nature seem too subtle for your perception. This nation, through its press and in every other way, has conveyed to you with all the emphasis possible its sentiments and desires regarding your political future. And yet you stick."

"I am here by the President's appointment. It is for him to discharge me."

"But can't you see, you poor thing, in what an awkward position you are placing the President?"

"No, I don't see it."

"Of course you don't. You have seen nothing but Alger since you got the position."

"That is not true."

"Don't contradict me, sir! Bulldoze the President. He seems to like it; but it doesn't go here!"

"I beg your pardon, LIFE. What would you advise?"

"I advise you to get out before you are kicked out. Vanish voluntarily, and do it before the boot of an outraged people sends you flying across the back-yard of history. Good morning, Alger."

"But you must remember—"

"Good morning, I said."

"Good morning, LIFE."

POVERTY is very particular about her pets: she selects the coming men.

THE well-bred man is never rude unintentionally.

THE CZAR: Have you sent out my universal peace manifesto?

CHANCELLOR: Yes, Sire.

"Then let us take up the estimates for our improved army and navy equipment."

ONE result of the war is that we have all learned to know and like General Wheeler. There is universal sympathy for him in the loss of his son.



French Honor—How It Is Preserved.

I.

(*A room in the French War Department. The Chief of Staff is conversing with a Captain of the name of Ongri.*)

Chief: The foreign papers are still talking of the accursed Paypoos affair. *A l'enfer avec* the foreign papers!

Ongri (uneasily): *Vous bettez!*

Chief: Paypoos is guilty, of course; *n'est-ce pas?*

Ongri (still more uneasily): *Vous bettez!*

Chief: French honor must be preserved, is it not?

Ongri (enthusiastically): *Vous bettez votre dollar bottom!*

Chief (holding piece of paper): And here is the letter that convicted the pig. (*Suddenly*) Ah, how peculiar!

Ongri (pale): *Quel mattro?*

Chief: It looks like a forgerie!

Ongri: Imposseeble!

Chief: Oh, yes! A letter forged! Sacred blue! Who it did?

Ongri (incautiously): I didn't.

Chief: Nobody accused it—and yet—I begin to suspect—

Ongri (sulkily): Well, I did it.

Chief: Ah, foolish and eccentric one, to admit it! A French officer to forge a letter! Sacred red!

Ongri: Wait a moment! On thoughts second, I didn't.

Chief: That is better. Ahem! It gives the relief! Who did?

Ongri (carelessly): Who is the pig who writes novels and says Paypoos is the innocent Jew?

Chief: Ah, Snola. *A bas Snola!*

Ongri (heartily): *Conspuez Snola!*

Chief: Certainly! Arrest him! Sacred yellow!

II.

(*Courtroom in Paris. Trial of Snola going on.*)

Judge: He is guilty. I dreamed it last night. Away with him!

Snola: Me guilty? Of what? Of what am I accused?

Judge: Durned if I know, or care; but you're guilty, because I don't like the face upon you. You are an assassin and pig of a pig!

Snola: I am innocent! Prove that I am guilty according to the law!

Judge (sneeringly): You talk like the beetle.



THE SMART PUPIL, AND



THE OLD PROFESSOR.

Snola : I am innocent. All I want is justice.
Everybody in France : The scoundrel! He asks for justice!
 For justice, HERE! Kill him! Cut him up!! Massacre his relatives!!! French honor must be preserved!!!!

III.

(Room in War Department again. Present, the Minister of War and several clerks.)

Minister (testily) : What is that whispering? What said you?
1st Clerk : Nothing, monsieur.

Minister : Liar! (To 2d Clerk) What said the miserable?

2d Clerk : He said that he saw with his own eyes the Capitaine Ongri forge the letter.

Minister : Fool to say so. Kick him from the building to Germany!

1st Clerk : But, monsieur, others of us saw it; many have seen it. It is generally known.

Minister : Sacred purple! All are the fools.

1st Clerk : But here comes the Capitaine. Ask him.

(Enter Ongri.)

Minister : He says many saw you write the letter forged.

Ongri : I deny it.

Minister : On your honor?

Ongri (recoiling) : On my French honor?

Minister : Alas, yes! On your French honor.

Ongri : Then I admit it. French honor must be preserved. Yes, I forged the letter. If you had asked me on the honor of a man with a wart on his nose—poof, I should have denied always; but on my French honor, ah, *c'est* different! It is to weep.

Minister (with meaning) : Sacred green!

IV.

(Another room in the Department. All the officers gathered together.)

Minister of War : He admits the forgerie!

All : He do?

Minister : Parfaitement. What is to be done?

Somebody : I have an idea.

Minister : What is it that it is?

Somebody : Release the Jew Paypos, who must of course be now innocent.

All : Kick him! *A bas les juifs! Conspez Snola!*

Chief of Staff : I have a better idea.

Minister : What it is that is it it is?

Chief : It is to preserve the French honor!

All : Speak you!

Chief : Ongri must commit suicide!

All : Excellent idea! *Vive le suicide! Long may he live!*

Ongri (grasping the hand of the Chief-of-Staff) : To you I owe my life! I will commit suicide! *Excusez-moi* a minute.

All : Parfaitement!

(Exit Ongri.)

Chief : Sacred crushed-strawberry!

A dull thud is heard.

Everybody in France : French honor is preserved!

David H. Dodge.

HONESTY is a shield with two sides. The two parties to a business transaction see it from different points of view.

LAZINESS is the deadliest of all diseases, for the disease itself prevents one from taking the remedy.



THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH.

QUEEN WILHELMINA has been duly enthroned at Amsterdam, and the Netherlands have now the prettiest and most charming monarch in Europe. The new Queen is eighteen years old, and is thinking about getting married. It is proper to point out to her that if Uncle Sam should annex the Philippines, his interests and hers would be so nearly allied in the Pacific as to make it proper for her to consider if it would not be profitable to select her future consort from one of the reigning families of

this country. LIFE has not in mind any young man whom it is prepared to commend to her Majesty's consideration, but the war has left on our hands an unusually fine lot of heroes, from whom the young Queen could undoubtedly make a satisfactory selection. There is Lieutenant Hobson, for example, an excellent young man of good abilities, demonstrated gallantry, and not ill-looking. Perhaps the charming Wilhelmina would be interested to look at Mr. Hobson's picture!

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Riddle.

QUERY.

I HAVE a riddle here
For you your brain to rack,
And this is it: Pray tell me why
John Hay is coming back?

ANSWER.

He wisdom lost, but, lo!
Has now come to his own,
And finds it "a dern sight better business
Than loafing around the throne."
Geo. Newell Lovejoy.

LIFE is made up of meetings, greetings and fleetings.



PASSING THROUGH THE RED SEA.

LIR



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THE EDUCATION

IV.

THEY DINE AT THE

The order of precedence as heretofore observed by

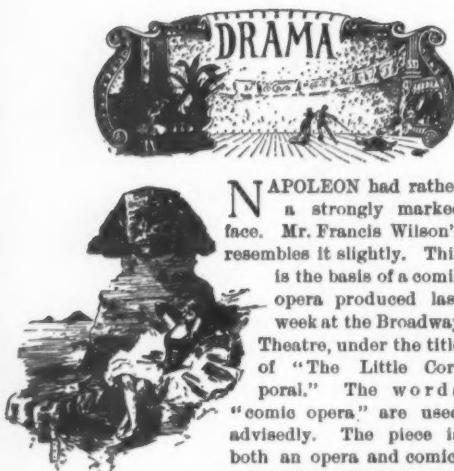
LIFE.



E EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.
IV.

THEY DINE AT THEIR AMBASSADOR'S.
tofore observed by the Pips holds good while the family is abroad.

• LIFE •



NAPOLEON had rather a strongly marked face. Mr. Francis Wilson's resembles it slightly. This is the basis of a comic opera produced last week at the Broadway Theatre, under the title of "The Little Corporal." The words "comic opera" are used advisedly. The piece is both an opera and comic, in which it differs largely from many others which have been produced under the same appellation. Mr. Wilson, for the first time in quite a long while, is comic, and Mr. Englander's music is attenuated opera. This apparently faint praise means a great deal. Comic opera is an expression which has been used wrongly so often that it has almost failed to have any meaning at all. "The Little Corporal" is really a comic opera, well sung, well produced, well acted, and quite well worth seeing and hearing.

Without invading the province of the music halls, Mr. Wilson might easily increase his resemblance to the great man, and thereby lend an added interest to his performance. The voices of the company are good, and, among them, that of Mr. O'Sullivan deserves special mention. Miss Glaser, both in singing and bearing, has improved. She is very easily superior to the rest of the female cast and the chorus, in which latter there is room for improvement in looks and voice.

"The Little Corporal" is well prepared, well presented, and deserves well of the public.

MR. CHARLES HOYT'S latest addition to cocktail comedy is entitled "A Day and a Night in New York," and varies only slightly in character and amusing qualities from his other pieces, which, by his own often and publicly expressed confession, are written only to amuse, and not to elevate.

THE Herald Square Theatre is a house that has seen many vicissitudes in its long career under various names, but at last seems to have struck the gait of prosperity, and has achieved an individuality en-

tirely its own. "The French Maid," which now holds its boards, is one of its standard successes, and a fair sample of its peculiarly humorous class of productions.



PLAY which LIFE commended last season "The Royal Box," is at the Fifth Avenue Theatre again, with its cast strengthened by the addition of dainty Katherine Grey. It is rather diverting to hear its author and the player of the principal part, Mr. Charles Coghlan (who, by the way, is one of the best actors now before the public), hold forth in a long stage speech condemning the manners and morals of the stage. He wrote the lines himself, and they fairly out-Clement Clement Scott. In this matter your actor is a good deal like the Irishman and his wife. He may abuse her to his heart's content, but heaven help anyone else who lays a hand on her. Clement Scott heartily wishes he hadn't.



HERE is a new Lilliputian in town. She is the smallest of them all, and dainty as a French doll. Her blue-eyed, baby face, for sheer prettiness, is far and away ahead of the older members of the company. They have a new vehicle for the display of their cleverness, called "The Golden Horse-shoe," a concoction containing some good songs and one or two very gorgeous and

effective ballets. The entertainment given by these clever little people is entirely unique, and, far from being a freak show, has considerable truly artistic merit.



R. CHARLES FROHMAN, whose name is simply a trademark for the Theatrical Trust, shows

even a greater amount of effrontery than usual in a sort of supplement given away with the regular programme at the Madison Square Theatre. It is a reproduction of the programme of the first performance at that theatre when it was under the management of the late and lamented artist, Steele Mackaye. It seems almost a profanation for the slimy Trust thus to exult over the acquisition of what was once a true temple of dramatic art. But the Trust has no more taste than conscience.

Metcalfe.

The Reason.

SHE: And you say he is a very eminent writer. Why, he has short hair!

HE: Yes. He's a short story writer.

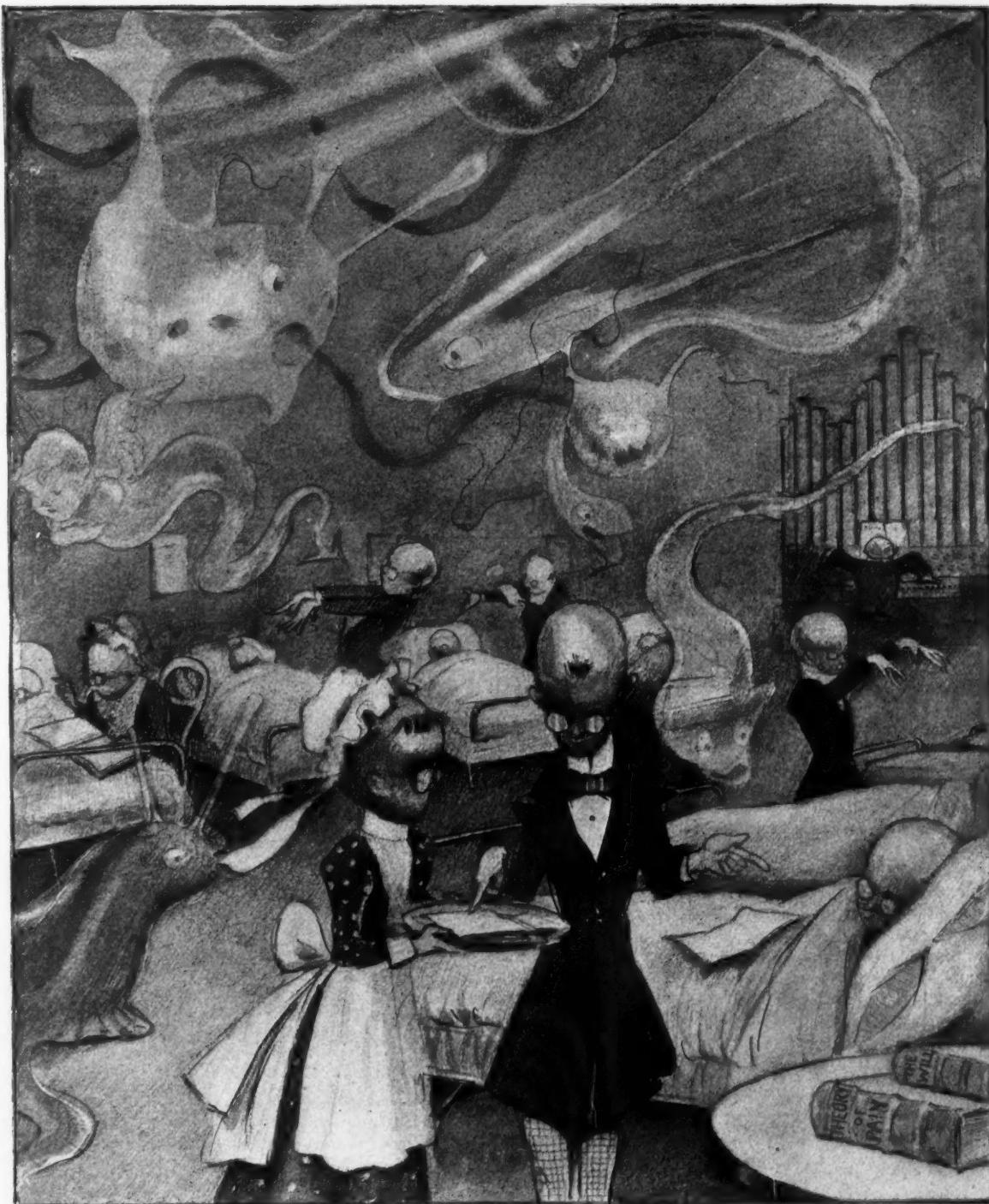
"**W**HAT is the difference between a donkey's tail and Hopkins?"

"Give it up."

"A donkey's tail is the end of an ass, but Hopkins is no end of an ass."



"NAVAL RESERVE."

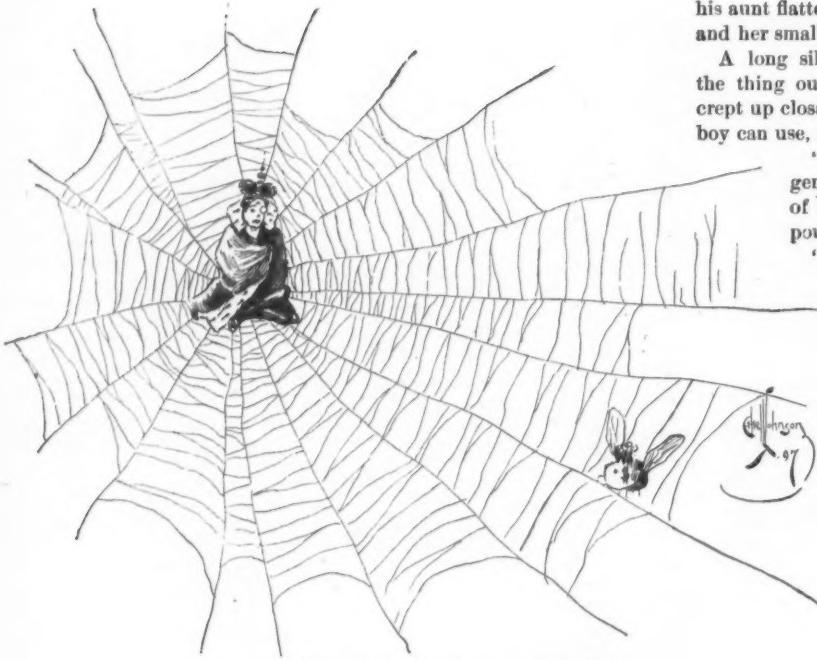


GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE.

GLIMPSE II.

SHOWING THE MICROBE OF 1908 AS FULLY DEVELOPED BY MEDICAL SCIENCE.

• LIFE •



THE EUROPEAN SPIDER AND THE YANKEE FLY.

Tommy's Idea.

"NOW, Tommy, you've been in swimming again in spite of everything we've told you, and when your father comes home I'll have to get him to punish you."

Such were the awful, and, alas, all too well-worn words that Mrs. Blake addressed to her small and erring nephew, still damp with the fruits of disobedience, one delightful summer evening just as the sun, his too alluring partner, sank to bed in the west in shame-faced, crimson silence.

The little culprit stood on one leg and then the other. "Well, I don't know, aunty," he declared finally, with all the reckless fire of youth and pleasure, "but I guess the swim was worth the licking. Only I wisht," he added, with the vain ingenuity of boyish instinct, "the licking had come first, an' I was just going swimming now."

"I think, Tommy," continued his aunt, gently, "if you knew how much it hurts me when you get punished for being naughty so often you'd really try to be a better boy."

"Go along with you, aunty," cried the ingenuous Tommy; "you don't mean to say it hurts you when I get a licking?"

"Of course it does."

"Bad?"

"Very bad."

"Then both of us have to smart for it?"

"Both of us, dear; perhaps I more than you."

Tommy's face grew very grave, and

his aunt flattered herself that at last her lesson had gone home, and her small nephew been touched where his heart was softest.

A long silence followed. Tommy was evidently thinking the thing out for all his small head was worth. Presently he crept up close to his aunt, and, with the coaxing art that only a boy can use, slipped his arm around her.

"Yes, Tommy?" prompted the old lady, with genuine feeling, sure that now at last the floodgates of remorse were about to open and penitence be poured forth. "What is it, dear?"

"Well, aunty, I've been thinking. I don't see why every time I'm bad we should both suffer for it."

"I was sure, Tommy," cried his delighted aunt, "you would see it in that light."

"So what I was going to say, aunty," and the arm went tighter than ever around the old lady, "was—I'd make it up for you all right, you'll see—don't you think you could talk it over with pa, and fix things up so's we could take it more turn and turn about, an' only one of us smart for it at a time?"

H. C. Boulbee.

The Latest.

POLITICIAN: There is a saying, you know, "I'd rather be right than President."

SOLDIER: We say now, "I'd rather be wrong than Secretary of War."

THE man who has a poor memory can never achieve fame as a wit, because a wit must remember a good thing when he sees or hears it, and he must not say the same brilliant thing twice to the same people.

*The Imp: AREN'T YOU A LITTLE HARD ON THAT ONE?**The Old Boy: NOT A BIT. ON EARTH HE WAS A NEW YORK MOTORMAN.*



NO DOUBT.

"THIS DOG, MADAME, WOULD BE CHEAP AT ONE HUNDRED."

"I WOULD TAKE HIM, BUT I AM AFRAID MY HUSBAND MIGHT OBJECT."

"MADAME, YOU CAN GET ANOTHER HUSBAND MUCH EASIER THAN A DOG LIKE THAT."

Her Eyes.

O MADDENING black eyes, black as the night,
And brighter than the sun that shines all day,
I sound your depths, and I am sore affright
For men with hearts that pass you on the way.
Only the blind are safe—they cannot see
The peril of your eyes, nor feel their sway;
Such eyes in Egypt once smote Antony,
And the great soldier gave a world away.

C. L. H.

M R. KERR, the Secretary of the United States Golf Association, estimates that there is \$50,000,000 now invested in golf in this country, and that the expenditure this year for that sport will not be less than \$10,000,000. The money is well spent, in that it makes this country pleasanter for persons who are bound to have some sort of sport, and who will seek it abroad if they cannot

find it at home. Bicycles, trolley cars and golf have worked miracles in the direction of mitigating the monotony of American life, especially of country or suburban life, and making it attractive to persons who crave reasonable variety in their existences. They are all cheap, and not one of them is nasty. They are all still extending, and it is an adventurous prophet who would attempt to predict the limits of their spread. With iron cheap, and growing constantly cheaper, there must be a continuous stretching out of trolley rails along the country roads.

The New Circuit.

FIRST THESPIAN: What sort of a season did you have?
SECOND THESPIAN: Well, it was good in Ladrone and the Philippines. But Cuba and Porto Rico are frosted over.

THE POET: Love is like archery.
You always aim for the gold.

HIS FIANCÉE: And you can't make it if your bow is broke.

IF we were not barbarians enough to love fighting just a little, mere love of country would scarcely induce anyone to make a target of himself for thirteen dollars a month.

AT this writing, the President has not found fit person to succeed Colonel Hay as Ambassador to Great Britain. It is to be regretted that the Honorable George Dewey is too busy and too far from home to be available for this honorable appointment. Why does not Mr. Platt induce the President to send Colonel Roosevelt to London, and thereby promote harmony among the New York Republicans?

LIFE



To Uncle Sam, John Bull declares
He loves him better than himself,
And only fought him (so he swears)
To please a dull, vindictive Guelph;
And, in a later strife, to tell
If South or North could boss the show,
He thought both sides behaved so well
That each deserved to win, you know—
"Ah, John, I guess,"
Says Uncle S.,
"You feel a lot you can't express."

"We do not talk the same as you,
Say 'sidewalks' where you talk of 'kerbs';
We give the Aspirates their due,
But use our Substantives for Verbs.
We don't believe in all the stuff
We read about 'the unsetting Sun,'
Nor think old Shakespeare quite enough
To make two distant nations one"—
Bull answers "Yes;
But, none the less,
We're both unfriended, Uncle S.
"The Kings and Emperors must be foes
To Freedom's children and their ends;
The French speak fair, but don't suppose
A Latin race can stand your friends.
I'm sure you cannot wish that I,
More than yourself, should come to harm;
And that appears a reason why
We always should go arm-in-arm.
You must confess
We're in a mess."
"Why, certainly," says Uncle S.

"You Anglo-Normans, with your Queen,
Have viewed us with a scornful mind;
And we, for many a year, have been
Both more than kin and less than kind;
But, if you choose to turn the talk
To brotherly love—and prove your claim—
I'm ready arm-in-arm to walk,
So far as roads may be the same;

Or else, I guess,"
Says Uncle S.,
"I don't much care what you profess."

—*The Sketch.*

"ALWAYS do right and your friends will stand by you,"
"Yes, but the time a man needs friends to stand by him
is when he does wrong."—*Chicago Record.*

Here is a good story which comes from Australia. The day after the performance of a play in a certain large city, the manager of the theatre wrote the following chilling note to the leading actor:

"My Dear Sir—Your performance last night was so bad that several deadheads have written demanding that their names be removed from the free list!"—*Tit-Bits.*

COMMANDER: What is your complaint against this boy?

BLUEJACKET: Well, sir, as I was a-walkin' arft, this 'ere boy, 'e up an' calls me a bloomin' idjit. Now, 'ow would you like to be called a bloomin' idjit, supposin' you wasn't one?

—*Punch.*

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—*London Daily Mail.*

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"Oh, thank you," cried the woman at once.

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MILKMAN: My cows are of a small kind, mum.
—*London Punch.*

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"So? Why?"

"Oh, he says she's a great deal too plain to be attractive."—*Moonshine.*

"MAUD says she is madly in love with her new wheel."

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A LAWYER trying to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a witness in the case, in the course of his cross-examination said:

"You have admitted that you were at the prisoner's house every evening during all this time?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Were you and he interested in any business together?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man, unhesitatingly.

"Ah! Now, will you be good enough to tell us how and to what extent and what the nature of this business was in which you and he were interested?"

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JOHN BULL: I will build four.

"I will build eight."

"I will build sixteen."

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